



## A NEW SONG-ON THE DOWNFALL OF HERESY

Good people all attentive pay  
Unto those lines that thou I relate  
Concerning how the Church has failed  
The Cromwell has proclaimed it,  
Then Parson who has cause to cry,  
As Gladstone cut his loaf so tight  
His greasy pot no more can hold,  
With mutton beef and bacon.

### CHORUS—

The lofty wheel is moving round  
The side that's up is getting down  
A rotten Creed can not be sound  
When lost is the foundation

Our gracious Queen we'll recognise  
Because she acted broad & wise  
The noble deeds one to appoint  
To be our Liberator

The Lord that died upon the Cross,  
Has built his Church upon a rock,  
And said no other Creed but that,  
Should ever gain salvation,

The Prophecy has come to pass  
That every man should go to Mass  
There is but one faith & one true flock  
Pre-dicted by our Saviour,

There are many Pulpits made of late  
Where every common man could preach  
But the Lord a malediction laid  
On every alteration

The Parson now will lose his fat,  
His rosary beads are getting slack  
His coach & 4 & all his stock,  
Is nearly terminated  
His wife must sell her hat & veil  
To buy herself some India mail  
And wear herself from bread & tea,  
To butter-milk & pralines

The Parson now must emigrate  
And leave his handsome dwelling place  
To preach the creed that Luther made  
While read his recantation

He said alas what shall I do  
To the glabe of Shannon view  
Where rents or rates I never knew  
Since Luther's reformation

Says the Parson would have better Mass  
If Bess & Harry were alive  
For they'd roast the Parsons in the fire  
Both Bishop Reid & Deacon  
But Gladstone now & Mr Bright  
And all the members are combined  
That to from us what Will are signed,  
When Shemas was de-cated